

# REAL ROMANCES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

## The Peach Prince of Pennsylvania



BY RICHARD SPILLANE.

From a point on the mountain side back of the Franklin farm you can see three States. Pennsylvania is at your feet. To the south is Maryland, and beyond the narrow strip of Maryland rise the blue hills of West Virginia. For three generations the farm has been in the possession of the Franklin family. Robert, the elder, first tilled the virgin soil. Robert, the second, was born and raised there. Robert, the third, known throughout the county as Junior, has remained there because fate has so willed.

Junior always gave his father cause for worry. The drudgery of farm work was repellant to the lad, who was gay and frolicsome and schemed for hours to escape tasks he easily could have accomplished in a comparatively short time. Whippings did no good. They tended rather to embitter the boy against his father than to force him to obedience. Occasionally the lad would labor earnestly, but it only was when he saw some reward in sight. Neighbors could get him to do far more than could his father. Occasionally, when much needed at home, he would take delight in helping a neighbor with his crops. Robert, the second, would be furious. He considered his son rebellious and unfaithful. He never could understand that it was the company of the young people on the neighbor's farm that attracted Junior, and that made work there a pleasure, while work at home, under the harsh scrutiny of his father, was a task.

Between father and son there was little sympathy. The father did not mean to be unfair, but he did not understand the boy. A drudge himself,

he could not see why his son should not follow in his footsteps. He blamed his wife for the youth's capriciousness and when she died and left the little money that was her own to the boy, and stipulated that he should go to college so as to fit himself for whatever branch of endeavor he felt more than any person knew. For the money he earned nothing, but Junior was the only child and the Franklin farm would go to strangers. The one strong sentiment in Robert the second's life was love of this farm. He would not have sold an acre of it at any price. Regularly each year he went through the same routine. He planted the same quantity of oats, corn and potatoes, raised about the same amount of fruit and killed the same number of hogs. No man in his employ worked so hard as he did, and he prided himself on this fact and also on the fact that no one could teach him anything about farming. He did things in his own way and never spared himself in the doing. Once or twice he had been weak enough to be misled by well-meaning neighbors. Once in using a new-fangled scheme for checking the potato blight he had ruined his crop. Another time he had tried a mixture highly recommended that threatened his fruit trees, and the mixture left his orchard almost a ruin. After that he was content to follow the plain, simple methods of his father.

They were tried and true and he was content. No one, he was sure, ever had benefited by deviating from the experience of ages. Every form of agricultural growth had its enemies, and these enemies had to be contended

against, but he had his own methods and wanted no others. Some years he made money and some years he did not. When he failed to have a profit it was owing to the bad season. He fared better on an average than most of the farmers in the county, and if his son had come up to his hopes he would have been as happy as it was within his compass to be.

Junior went to college joyously

Within a few months he was threatened, "I did not waste the four years at college. I learned a lot of things. Among them was how to farm. I know more about farming than you do. I've tried a hundred times to show you things, but you're too stubborn to learn. No one can teach you anything because you're unwilling to learn. You're about twenty years behind the times. So are most of the Rubes in this part of Pennsylvania. Why, you are just scratching out a living on this farm, and you should be making a handsome income out of it. I can take it and make a fortune out of it."

"I would have turned in and helped you last year or the year before, but every time I made a suggestion you choked me off. You're not going to do it any more. If I'm going to farm I'm going to farm right. I'm not going to follow antiquated methods. Farming is slavery when it is in that form. It is business if practiced properly and brings as big if not bigger returns than the professions."

Robert the second was so surprised he hardly could find words to express himself. To have his son talk to him in that style was little short of treason, but mingled with his anger there was a thrill of delight for it appeared the young man might stay on the old place after all. It was so astonishing to find it was not hatred of farm life so much as some of the conditions that actuated Junior in his opposition that he wondered how he had not discovered it long before. And now it depended upon the father whether the young man should remain or depart. It was hard for a man steeped in rigid ideas regarding his own affairs to give way to another, but as against that there was the great ambition he held for his son to keep the old farm as his ancestors had for so many years. So he did not say anything then.

It was long after the day's work was done that the old man brought the subject up again. "I don't know, Junior," he said in a sad sort of voice, "that I could change my ways even if I wanted to."

"Of course not, and I wouldn't want you," said the son, "but I'll prove to you I'm right or I'll pay well for it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Junior, "that I'll rent the farm from you if you're willing. You know how much you've cleared in the last two years. Average the amounts and I'll agree to rent the

farm for two years. I've got enough left of mother's money to carry through everything I'll like to introduce that you call nonsense. You may loaf or work, or do as you please, but I'll be boss for two years. What do you say?"

The father thought a few moments and then said, "All right, son."

Junior Franklin never had much of a belief in potatoes, oats or corn as general crops on a Pennsylvania farm. His potato field was reduced to a patch only big enough to supply the household. Of corn and oats he sowed only enough for the live stock. He had made an analysis of the soil and had forwarded samples of earth from a dozen places on the farm to the Agricultural Department and had the reports on these reports he proceeded to develop the property according to his own ideas. The soil had all the ingredients necessary to peach culture. In addition the mountain to the back of the farm acted as a glorious wind shield. Pennsylvania had no reputation as a peach State, but he was not so foolish as to think Pennsylvania could not raise just as good peaches as Georgia, Connecticut or Delaware. Peaches were supposed to be a delicate, precarious crop. Properly cared for, the danger of loss would be minimized. What was important and added zest to the undertaking was the fact that the reward was big because so many growers who trusted to luck called with their crops. Junior had a prediction toward peaches and from the reports of the analysts was convinced he would rise or fall on that fruit.

With no one to check him except to be looked at reproachfully occasionally by his father, Junior Franklin started in to change that farm.

It had been his father's rule to let the grasses grow in the orchard. Junior cleared the orchard of grass and the more the orchard was mowed, the more valuable it became. Everybody in the valley is a convert to scientific farming, and no one is more ardent in claiming its virtues than Robert, the Second.

(Copyright, 1911, by Richard Spillane.)



rel-like oil stoves so that the frost was kept from the trees. There was no losing of blossoms. Blossoms mean fruit if properly looked after.

Junior's father never saw such things as oil heaters under trees before to keep them warm and laugh'd upon them. But he did not laugh the fall. Though careful spraying, thorough cultivating and scientific pruning, wood because the best fruit comes on the new limbs. Junior got a crop that year that amazed the old man. Not only did he get a crop bigger than the old orchard ever yielded before, but he got a bigger price. One end of scientific farming to-day is in good selling. That one crop brought more than fruits, grain and hogs had brought before. It almost repaid Junior's father to the oil stoves and the mixing machine and the skyscraper sprayer, the new-fangled cultivator and the queer sort of men Junior invited to the farm at times who apparently never handled a plow, but talked most authoritatively about all agricultural subjects.

Robert Franklin, Junior, is the Peach Prince of Pennsylvania to-day. There is nothing that science knows about the peach that he has not utilized. Pennsylvania is not supposed to be a peach State, but it is most decidedly peach producing so far as his portion of it is concerned. His farm has expanded year by year and his crops have grown larger and larger. From some of his trees he gathers four crates of fruit. He does not believe in quantity, however, so much as quality. There is nothing so profitable all through the county now as peach growing. Orchards no longer are left to shift for themselves. They are cleaned as carefully as gardens. Junior's methods are carried out in every detail. Where the hills do not act as a barrier, wind shields are built to protect the trees. One acre of fruit land is worked ten to twenty acres, and the more the orchard is guarded and nourished the more valuable it becomes. Everybody in the valley is a convert to scientific farming, and no one is more ardent in claiming its virtues than Robert, the Second.

(Copyright, 1911, by Richard Spillane.)

Big Stone Gap Social News.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Big Stone Gap, Va., July 8.—C. B. Stump, Congressman from the Ninth District, is visiting his brother, W. M. Stump, of New York.

Mrs. G. H. McFate, of Elizabeth, Ky., is visiting her brother, R. T. Irvine.

M. C. Prescott and son, of Richland, spent several days in town this week.

Mrs. R. L. Parks and son, Frank, have returned from a visit to Pineville, Ky.

Misses Anna J. McCormick, of Gretnah, Tenn., and Sarah Lovell, of Newport, Ky., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McCormick.

Dr. Henry Hart, of Knoxville, is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Willis.

Miss Ruth McGowan and brother, Samuel, of Bristol, are guests of their sister, Mrs. C. P. Blanton.

Miss Victoria Eaton is the guest of her uncle, General R. A. Ayers.

Leah Parsons, has returned from the University of Virginia, and is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Millard.

Mrs. M. E. George has returned to her home in Charlottesville after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. George have returned from a visit to relatives in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Lillian Smith returned from a visit to relatives at Bristol. Her sister, Miss Ina Thomas, returned with her.

Columbia Social News.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Columbia, Va., July 8.—The regular weekly dance of the Columbia Cointillon Club was held at the town hall on Thursday night. Owing to the large number of summer visitors to the town, this dance was more enjoyable than usual.

Mrs. J. Marshall Cowherd, who has been spending several months in Richmond, has returned to her home, "River View."

Miss Frances Leigh has returned home, after visiting relatives in Clarksville.

Mrs. A. J. Millikan, of New York, is spending the remainder of the summer with Mrs. M. W. Cosby.

Mrs. Lucy Mosby is visiting Miss Mabel Omohondro at Keswick. Before returning home she will visit Louisa.

Miss Lillian Smith left last week for Wilmington, where she will visit friends.

Mrs. A. T. Richardson and children, of Arvon, recently visited Mrs. Bettie Richardson, of this place.

Mrs. D. Cosby, accompanied by Miss Kate Gannaway, of Lynchburg, left Monday morning for a week's stay at Virginia Beach.

Fannell Hodgson, Everett and Vivian Mosby, D. Cosby and Pemberton Wood and John Nelson spent the Fourth in Arvon.

FRECKLES.

New Drug that Quickly Removes These Hateful Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as a new drug, ethine-double strength, has been discovered that is a positive cure for these hateful spots.

Simply get one ounce of ethine-double strength from Tragle Drug Co. and apply a little of it at night, and in the morning you will see that even the worst have begun to disappear, while the light freckles have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ethine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove the freckles.

## Removal Sale

Of Fine Mahogany Furniture, Antiques, Pictures, Brass, Sheffield Silver, Etc.

Starts At

## Biggs Antique Company

Monday, July 10. Lasts One Month

Prices Reduced **25%** For Cash

August 15th we move into our new studios at 318 East Franklin Street, and to our five-story factory at Twenty-fourth and Franklin Streets.

Our immense stock must be reduced before then. That's why we hold this Removal Sale and reduce prices one-fourth.

It's the grandest opportunity you have ever had of furnishing your home, for this is a GENUINE REDUCED PRICE SALE. Nothing is reserved—entire stock is placed on sale at 25 per cent. off for cash.

And remember—our usual broad guarantee goes with every purchase: Keep what you buy three months; if then you are not satisfied, send it back and get your money.

This sale demands your immediate attention. Such an opportunity may never come again. Don't take any chances, but select early, before some one else picks up what you want.

25% off; 30 days only; we move then; buy now

## The Biggs Antique Co.

521 East Main Street

Richmond, Va.